

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PROHIBITED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES RESPECTIVELY, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—Amendments to the Constitution, Article X.—

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Editors and Proprietors.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE POLISH OFFICER.

A PRUSSIAN TALE OF NAPOLEON'S WAR.

The night was keen and bitter. The report was that General Maison had concentrated his divisions near Courtray, and was disposed to give us battle; so that a warm day might be expected after this cold night. "I wonder," said one of my comrades, "if the white flying lancer shall show himself."

"Can you doubt it?" replied another; "why man, he is here and there, and everywhere."

"Ay, indeed! a very flying dragon, whose lance has fattened in the heart's blood of our brave comrades; our balls refuse to enter his carcase;—and why? because some say that he has sold himself to the Old One; but if ever I meet him hand to hand—"

In answer to some inquiries, I was informed that as our Prussians daily came in contact with Napoleon's troops, a Polish officer had, by his daring deeds, rendered himself the fear and wonder of all. In every skirmish was to be seen, and ever thickest in the fight. He was not only rashly brave, but he was the best rider, and the most expert hurler of the deadly lance; there was not a better horseman, at least in the French ranks. Like the rapid lightning was he seen here and there, darting among our Prussians upon a fleet white steed—whirling his lance, and striking with unerring aim some gallant breast—then dashing away singing his Polish war song, as if in derision of his wondering foes.

I gave an attentive ear to those accounts of the white lancer, which a stander by observing, said—"All true as gospel, comrade; if he pricks thee with his lance, thou wilt have no need of troubling the beeh for some time after, for he bleeds freely enough."

"Ay, ay, the Ker's lance is sharp," said another, "and he daily treats us to a pistol shot, a sharp stab, or a sharper word."

"Do you know," said a third, "that the General had a narrow escape from him to-day, as he was reconnoitering?"

"So—the General! but an adjutant is above a match for this lance; let him catch the adjutant sleeping with both eyes shut if he can. The white lancer met the adjutant in a narrow way; well, what was to be done? escape was impossible; but then the adjutant's wit was keener for once than the Polish lance. Well, up comes the flying lancer, and without reining up, made a stab at the adjutant. Off his horse rolled the wily adjutant into a soft comfortable ditch full of green weeds and mud; and there he lay as if stone-dead. The Pole recovered his lance, shook it till its bloody pennon fluttered, and continued his mad career; then the adjutant crawled out, shook his ears, and for that time cheated the dead list of his name."

Many other wondrous tales were related of the wild Polish lancer—how he sometimes tickled the ribs, and at others the midriff, with the point of his unerring lance.

It was midnight—many were calmly reposing near the bivouac-fire; I also stretched myself in the most comfortable spot I could find, and drew over me a female's mantle, which a Cosack had bartered with me from his load of plunder for a glass of vodka. An upturned dog, wrenched probably from some chateau, sheltered me a little from the bitter wind. My ready saddled horse, fastened to the piquet, was slumbering upon three legs. It was a beautiful, clear, starlight night, and the crescent moon sailed majestically through the blue ethereal vault of heaven.

All was calm and still, save the muffled ring of a hungry guard just relieved from a distant post;—they were diligently plunging their swords into the great cauldron, and cramming themselves with the still piteous fragments of fowls and geese, and washing them down with cups of potent schnapps. At a short distance might be seen a party of anxious gamblers seated upon the bare ground, a knapsack serving to throw dice upon. Another group were huddled together over some flasks of wine, which doubtless they had fallen in with in some of their marauding parties. Close to the fire set one, a sabre in hand, wrapping together the scattered remains of the dimming fire; another, full of strong drink to the point of mischief, was amusing himself with throwing gunpowder out of his flask into the fire. Here tossed and tumbled some, and others lay scattered, snoring away most inharmoniously. The outpost continued his silent melancholy march, backwards and forwards, occasionally humming a war song, to keep himself in spirits, or listening to the changing of his own saber. In the rear of the bivouac, huddled together, lay the camp followers, ready to sell their potent fire-water, or to purchase from the marauders their plunder at one-third its value. I would fain have slept; but to sleep was impossible; the snoring, and trumpet-bass of my comrades kept my weary eyes from closing. Oft would our Jagers fancy themselves in pursuit, or pursued by the white lancer, whose image met them in their dreams, and his name was upon their sleeping lips.

At this moment a bullet came whistling by the outpost, and struck the ground not far from one of the sleepers, who merely raised his head, rubbed his heavy eyes and dropped into a deeper sleep. The horses snorted and pricked their ears. "Let them fire away!" muttered one near to me; "that is no novelty to us; and again he laid his weary head upon his knapsack. Then whizzed by another and another bullet. "Oho!" cried the outpost, starting aside, "there is a storm at hand, if one

may judge from these heavy drops." Then the careful sentinel listened attentively, and he heard a rushing sound approaching, and afterwards the hasty hoofs of horses, and the clang of sabres.

"Halt! who goes there?" cried the alarmed sentinel.

"The General and his suite," was the answer.

"Halt, General! forward, one of the suites!" said the sentinel, who now demanded of the people before he would let even the General pass.

In the mean time the distant firing had become much more lively, and approached nearer and nearer; the roar of the cannon was heard, and the vast iron balls rattled through the air, plunged into the earth, or scattered the bare branches of the trees as if in scorn of their feeble opposition. The enemy was making a general attack upon our outposts and our trumpets sounded the shrill alarm.

Up sprung our sleeping men like a swarm of angry wasps disturbed in their nests, and flew to saddle. One could not find his horse; another limped upon one leg, the other being cramped or not yet awake; a third snatched a rusted potato out of the ashes; a fourth hurried to fill his flask with schnapps from the busy camp-flower. One sleepy dog, who, contrary to orders, had unadvisedly lain down in his hurry, girthed in the projecting bough of a tree under his saddle, and set his horse kicking mad; another, only half awake, sat nodding upon his horse, but could not move forward, because his steed still remained fast bound to the piquet stake. Here, one stumbled over the camp-line; there another floundered into a hole which had been dug into the ground for crookery purposes. Many wandered hither and thither, and did not seem quite certain whether they were about to meet friend or foe. A strange and curious night-piece is an alarmed bivouac, particularly when illuminated by the enemy's fires.

As our men mounted, they were instantly formed into a line; and already our advanced party was performing in a piece where the brave played the principal part. "Take care! take care, my lads! lest in the dark you sabre your friends. Listen for the French tongue, and then slash away," said our prudent commander.

Doubtless, from our resistance, the French judged that we were in much stronger force; but as the day began to dawn, they were astonished that ours was a mere cavalry post, and instantly ordered fresh men to attack us. The tardy sun at last arose, and the cry of our commander was—"Forward! forward, volunteers!" and a gallant crowd sprang out of our ranks and joined the front.

"There he is!" exclaimed a dozen voices; and at this moment was seen in the dim distance, rapidly advancing upon a white horse, in front of the chasseur, a slightly-formed lancer, his sky-blue uniform was faced with crimson, and from his breast a white plume, like a comet's tail, streamed the milk-white horse hair—his glittering lance, from which fluttered the red and yellow bandol, sparkled in the morning sun beam. Reader, this was the dreaded Polish lancer. This Pole was one of the last of that gallant band, the flower of cavalry, which had helped to gain for the French many a glorious victory. Doubtless he had been induced to fight against the Prussian, who he was led to believe was the enemy of his country, but our people seeing him approach within hearing, called out to him—"Komme zu uns, Kamerad! weil hinter uns leicht schon dein Vaterland." ("Come over to us, comrade! for in our rear lies thy father land.") To which the lancer answered—"Noch ist Polen nicht verloren." ("Poland is not yet lost.") Then he fired his pistol at us, and commenced his war song.

The chasseur followed fast upon the flying hoofs of the lancer's white steed. "Forward!" cried our commander. "Strike hard, my sons, for the honor of your father land." The word was again thundered forth—"Forward!" Then came the dread shock—then throbbed many hearts, as we firmly clutched our swords spurred our willing steeds, and with a loud hurrah! rushed upon the foe. But what pen can portray, or tongue describe, the mixed sensation of that awful moment? The rush was made—there was no longer time for thought.

I was that day mounted on a wild unbroken mare; and when she heard the trumpet sound the charge, the skittish jade broke from the ranks, and hurried me onward directly towards where the lancer was wheeling and careering on his well-managed milk white steed.

"Be not so rashly valourous, my young comrade," cried the veteran major.

Would to heaven that my mare had understood the warning words! for it was this skittish beast, and not exactly my hot courage, which was hurrying me into the lion's jaws. In the same manner had she only a few hours before brought to us an unlucky French Chasseur, and delivered him into our hands, and now it appeared very probable that a Frenchman would again back this unruly brute.

The white lancer witnessed my forced ignoble career, and laughing and uttering one of his bitter jests, he twirled his fatal lance and stabbed me slightly. At this very moment, and before he could repeat his blow the enemy (most fortunately for me) was driven back. Though probably the proud, haughty French, merely intended to show their disdain of us by turning their backs upon us.

The white lancer was by this beautiful manoeuvre of the French the rearward of the rear. He coolly dismounted to give breath to his snorting steed, and then seated himself upon a great stone, and as if in disdain of our flanking fire, began to eat his breakfast, as if he were upon the parade ground of his father-land, and had heard the order "Stand at ease."

"Look at that impudent rascal!" and several of our irritated men dashed at him, but like lightning, the lancer sprang upon his horse, and flew laughing upon his fleet steed right and left, seeking for a prey for his sharp lance, and miraculously escaped from a crowd of enemies, and regained the ranks of our foe, who strongly reinforced, advanced again, and then came our turn to retreat.

The lancer upon his white greyhound, galloped lightly over the field, flustering his lance as a hawk high in the air quivers its wings as it stoops over its destined victim; then he laughed exultingly. "Ho, ho!" cried he in tones of derision, "which of you valiant Prussians will try his sabre against my lance? Come on, come on, Prussians."

Many of our bravos, who had loudly sworn to cut this lancer and his horse, now prepared not to hear this challenge. But the generous blood of a young Jager was up, and he was determined to conquer or die many of his comrades laughed scornfully, and said—"Ay, ay, away with these, my lads! the lancer will surely tickle the under the rib."

The brave young man disdained reply, but with sabre swinging to his wrist he left our line. The lancer perceiving his advance, presented his lance in the middle of the space between the opposing combatants, they met, and instantly cut and stab, but neither rider fell; then they faced about, springing at each other again and cut and thrust with might and main. The firing ceased at either side to watch the issue of the champion strife. Blood streamed from the young Jager first, for which he returned a lusty blow, and slightly wounded the lancer.

"Halt! thou art a brave Prussian," cried the Pole; "such an enemy have I never met before. Come hither, comrade, thou must drink out of my flask!"

"I feel assured now that there is no deceit in thee," said the Jager, "and I will pledge thee!" and in full confidence he sheathed his bloody sword and approached the Pole, who had laid down the lance in the hollow of his arm pointing backwards. The Pole held out the flask; then the warriors surveyed each other with curious eye, and their horses laid their heads together as if they also would make acquaintance.

"Drink, comrade! drink success to the brave, whether friend or foe," said the Pole to the young Prussian.

"Here's to your health, comrade," replied the young Jager; and as he took the flask, added—"though at this moment my sharp sabre may perhaps have endangered it."

"Why, ay; the sabre bites keenly enough, but thee and thine have often felt the sting of this good lance, and so far we are quits."

"If we gain a victory," to day said the Jager, "how long do you think it will take us to march to Paris?"

"Comrade, this is a matter we need not speak about," replied the lancer. "Here drink once more out of my flask; we are friends yet."

"Ay, but once we join our ranks we are foes again!"

Then their quietly turned their horses, and at twenty paces, puff—puff went their pistols at each other's heads, as they galloped to rejoin their comrades.

The rattle of some thirty muskets from a thicket where Prussian fusiliers lay in ambush was heard and the brave lancer and his white horse were seen to roll upon the ground together. In a moment the advanced guard of the enemy was broken and took to flight, leaving the white lancer in our hands; he was not yet quite dead, but raising himself with a dying effort, he exclaimed—"Poland forever!" His gallant spirit fled with the words he uttered.

Though every one feared, yet all admired the brave white lancer, and we buried him in a deep grave, and fired over him three volleys in honor of his bravery; his lance and white horse we buried with him.

Hope and Destiny.—There are some beautiful passages in the "Gentleman of the Old School"—passages full of poetry and philosophy. Witness the following:

"It is strange—perhaps the strangest of all the mind's intricacies—the sudden, the instantaneous manner in which memory, by a single signal, casts wide the doors of one of those dark storehouses in which long passed events have been shut up for years. That signal, be it a look, a tone, an odour, a single sentence, is the magic word of the Arabian tale, at the potent magic of which the door of the cave of the robber, Forgetfulness, is cast suddenly wide, and all the treasures that he had concealed displayed."

This also: "From the cottage to the palace, from the castle to the hovel, through all the imperceptible shades and grades of life and station that intervene between greatness and littleness; from the sage to the idiot, from the conqueror to the worm, fate, in darkness and in silence, with movements that men seldom see and never appreciate, is spinning that small, fine but binding thread which weaves their common destiny into one inextricable web. It is not alone that the mouse disentangles the lion from the toils; it is not alone that the stronger savior or destroys the weaker; but it is that every being at every step affects the destinies of millions of others, present and to come, and carries on the train of cause and event that is going on from eternity to eternity."

"The dependence of the great upon the small, and the continual reference of our fate to petty circumstances, is a consideration full of weighty moral, and is never to be forgotten."

GHOST STORY.

An apparition has been seen in Canada, according to the Montreal Transcript. No body can read the last paragraph and disbelieve the account. No wonder the poor man could not lie quietly in his grave, after dying unanesthetized of such a sin.

Last Tuesday, fortnight, Mrs. — (a lady of literary taste, and studious habits), sat reading in her drawing room; the clock on the mantelpiece struck twelve; as the last stroke reverberated through the apartments, its door was suddenly flung open. In the act of raising her head to reprove the intrusion (unwary for) of the servant, her eye rested on the form of her late husband; she screamed and fell senseless on the carpet. This brought up such members of the family as had not yet retired to rest; restoratives were administered, and when Mrs. — had regained possession of her suspended faculties, and being a woman of strong mind and highly cultivated intellect, she felt disposed to consider the whole of the distress she had undergone as the result of certain associations between the melancholy tale she had been perusing and her late loss, operating on a partially deranged nervous system. She, however, deemed it advisable that her maid servant should repose in her chamber; lest any return of what she had determined to consider a nervous affection should distress herself and alarm the family. Last Tuesday night feeling stronger and in better spirits than she had enjoyed for several months past, Mrs. — dispensed with the presence of her attendant, reti-

ring alone to her chamber, and went to bed a little before ten o'clock. Exactly as the clock struck twelve she was awakened from her sleep, and distinctly beheld the apparition she had before seen advancing from the table (on which stood her night lamp) till it stood opposite to her, and drew aside the curtains of her bed. A sense of suffocating oppression deprived her of all power to scream aloud. She describes her very blood retreating with icy chillness to her heart from every vein. The countenance of her beloved in life were not its benevolent aspect; the eyes, once beaming with affection, were now fixed in stern regard on the trembling, half-awakened being, who, with the courage of desperation thus adjured him—"Charles! dear Charles! why are you come again?" "Jesse," shortly and calmly replied the shadowy form, waving in his hand a small roll of written papers, "Jesse, pay my newspaper accounts, and let me rest in peace."

A TALE OF GRENADA.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

There was once a poor mason or bricklayer in Grenada, who kept all the Saints days and holy days, and St. Monday in the bargain, and yet he grew poorer and poorer, and could scarcely earn bread for his numerous family. One night he was aroused from his first sleep by a knocking at the door. He opened it, and beheld before him a tall, meagre, cadaverous-looking priest.

"Hark ye, honest friend," said the stranger, "I have often observed that you are a good Christian, and one to be trusted; will you undertake a job this very night?"

"With all my heart, Senor Padre, on condition that I am paid accordingly."

"That you shall be, but you must suffer yourself to be bloodied."

To this the mason made no objection; so being hoodwinked, he was led by the priest through various rough lanes and winding passages, until he stopped before the portals of a house. The priest then applied a key, turned a creaking lock, and opened what seemed to be a ponderous door. They quickly entered, the door was closed, and both, and the mason was conducted through an echoing corridor and spacious hall, into the interior of the building. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a portion of court, dimly lighted with a single lamp.

In the centre was the dry basin of an old Moorish fountain, under which the priest requested him to form a small vault, bricks and mortar being at hand, for that purpose. He accordingly worked all night, but without finishing the vault. Just before daybreak, the priest put a piece of gold into his hand, and having again hoodwinked him, conducted him back to his dwelling.

"Are you willing to return and complete your work?"

"Gladly, Senor Padre, provided I am well paid."

"Well then, to-morrow at midnight I will call again."

He did so, and the vault was completed.

"Now," said the priest, "you must help me to bring forth the bodies that are to be buried in this vault."

The poor mason's hair rose on his head at these words; he followed the priest with trembling steps into a retired chamber of the mansion, expecting to behold some ghastly spectacle of death, but was relieved on seeing three or four portly jara standing in one corner. They were evidently full of money, and it was with great difficulty that he and the priest carried them to the tomb. The vault was then closed, the pavement replaced, and all traces of the work obliterated.

The mason was again hoodwinked and led forth by a route different from that by which he had come. After they had wandered for a long time through a perplexed maze of lanes and alleys, they halted. The priest then put two pieces of gold into his hand. "Wait here," said he, "until you hear the cathedral bell toll for matins. If you presume to uncover your eyes before that time, evil will befall you." So saying, he departed.

The mason waited faithfully, amusing himself by weighing the gold pieces in his hand and clinking them against each other. The moment the bell rung its matin peal, he uncovered his eyes, and found himself on the banks of the Basil, from whence he made the best of his way home, and revelled with his family for a whole fortnight on the profits of his night's work, after which he was as poor as ever. He continued to work a little and pray a good deal, to keep Saints days and holy days from year to year; while his family grew up as gaunt and ragged as a crew of gipsies.

As he was seated one morning at the door of his hovel, he was accosted by a rich old man, who was noted for owning many houses and being a gripping landlord.

The man of money eyed him for a moment from beneath a pair of shaggy eyebrows.

"I am told, friend, that thou art very poor."

"There is no denying the fact, Senor, it speaks for itself."

"I presume then, you will be glad of a job, and work cheap?"

"An cheap, my master, as any man in Grenada." "That's what I want. I have an old house going to decay, that costs me more than it's worth to keep it in repair; for nobody will live in it; so I must contrive to patch it up, and keep it together at as small an expense as possible."

The mason was accordingly conducted to a huge deserted house that seemed going to ruin. Passing through several empty halls and chambers, he entered an inner court, where his eye was caught by an old Moorish fountain.

"It seems to me," said he, "as if I had been in this place before; but it is like a dream. Pray who occupied this house formerly?"

A poet upon him, said the landlord. "It was an old miserly priest, who cared for nobody but himself. He was said to be immensely rich; and having no relations, it was supposed he would leave all his treasures to the church. He died suddenly and the priest and friars thronged in to take possession of his money; but nothing could they find but a few ducats in a leather purse. The worst luck has fallen upon me, for since his death the fellow continues to occupy my house without paying rent, and I find there's no taking the law of a dead man. The people pretend to hear the clinking of gold all night long in the chamber where the old priest slept, as if he was counting his money and sometimes groaning and moaning

about the court. Whether true or false, these stories have brought a bad name upon my house, and now I cannot well remain within it."

"Enough," cried the mason, "I will live five to your house, rent free, until some better prospects, and I will engage to put it in repair, and quiet the troublesome spirits that disturb it. I am a good Christian and a poor man, and let me be damned."

The offer of the poor man was very readily accepted, he moved with his family into the house, and fulfilled his engagements. By little and time he restored it to its former state. There was no longer heard the clinking of gold at night in the chamber of the living mason. In a word, he increased rapidly in wealth, to the admiration of all his neighbors, and became one of the richest men in Grenada. He gave large sums to the church, by way of atonement for his conscience, and never retained the secret of his wealth until on his death bed, to his son and heir.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

Many a man has tenderly enough to do wrong who has not courage enough to confess it. Whose deepest little things will never attain great things.

To live to ourselves, to take pleasure in the misfortune of others, to have no heart for the distress when in prosperity, and to regard our own sufferments as extraordinary, are four signs of a selfish heart, which cannot be mistaken.

No man on his death-bed ever repented any act of self-denial or benevolence, practiced by himself. There is in the sight of God, no essential difference between the moral character of the covetous and that of a worshipper of the sun, or a follower of Gaudium.

One great advantage of truth-telling falsehood is, that the former suits a shrewd necessity.

One of the best ornaments of friendship is deserved reproach, rightly administered.

The best method of disposing of half the standards of the age is to pay them no attention. The other half may be lived down.—Watchman of the South.

Yorkshire Thunder.—An action brought against the owner of a wagon which by the carelessness of the driver had crushed the body of a woman against the wall, and killed it. It happened near a well known for his readiness of explanation, was perplexing one of the witnesses, who found no tale or means of extricating himself from the predicament. A graphic description of the matter in question. "Well, my lord judge," said the witness, "I'll tell you it happened on a fine day. My lord, suppose I am the witness, here I am. My lord judge, you are the witness. The witness now passed on to trying to remember his testimony. "Come hither," exclaimed the witness, "out with the story at once. You have not said where was the sun?" "My lord judge," continued the witness, with a sudden sparkle in his eye, "his honor the counsel is the sun!" Of course the court was in a rage.

A STRANGER AMONGST STRANGERS.

There are few positions more awkward or less agreeable than those into which strangers are often thrown in their first attempts to make themselves understood in a strange tongue. We were so much amused yesterday by the recital of some odd events in the experience of a gentleman who has been much of the variety of life in Europe and America, that we must make out a selection of one or two incidents which happened on his arrival in London from the continent. He was so much acquainted with the English language, and found it difficult to make himself understood, and was often obliged to draw upon his powers of wit in which to express some of the simpler wants and wishes.

On one occasion, he had written several letters to his friends on the continent, but not having the exact situation of the Post Office, applied to his friend for instructions how to proceed. He gave him the phrase, "I do not know where the Post Office is," and directed him to report it to some person there he had proceeded to a certain station, and he would be assisted in his search.

anxious to avoid mistake, he started with his letter constantly repeating to himself—"I do not know where the Post Office is"—but so great was his zeal to be right, that before long he had dropped a stitch, or rather a knot in the web of his discourse, which he still repeated with the utmost patience, until he fell in with a person to whom he thought he would impart the secret of his negative acquaintance, in respect to the locality of the Post Office, and with much politeness accosted him.

"I do know where the Post Office is."

"I do know where the Post Office is?"

"The stranger started a moment and blazed away: 'the devil you do—what is that to me? mind your business.'"

The first part of the reply was spluttered forth too hastily for the poor foreigner to retain the words, but his mind your business, made a distinct impression; and he left the gentleman with many thanks, supposing he had obtained the name of the street where the Post Office was situated, and pursued his way, studying over his phrases with greater diligence than ever.

Presently he decided to make another attempt to obtain assistance, and accosted a full-fed portly man, with his ruddy face half covered with a bandanna; thus: "I do know where the Post Office is: mind your business!"

This addressed called forth a volley of abuse which perfectly astonished the foreigner, and he did not wait for further communication, but pursued his search further, and finally found the office.

The custom in France was for an individual depositing a letter to give it immediately into the hands of the postmaster or his clerk, and our friend accordingly marched up for this purpose and delivered his letters, but the clerk supposing he wished to pay the postage, received them with one hand and extended the other for the money. Taking this as a desire *jugere destrux*, the wily-hearted stranger seized the extended hand with a hearty good will, and gave it a regular pump-handle shake, which almost brought the clerk through the aperture for the delivery of letters.

The man of letters flew at once into a rage, and

flung the letters into the street, supposing the unfortunate man intended to quiz him. It was not till the innocent offender found some one within who could speak French that he was able to pacify the clerk and obtain the final delivery of his letters.

This is but a single passage in the life of a stranger in England.—*Bull. Com. Transcript.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Attack on the Convent of Mont St. Bernard.—A letter from Geneva gives the full account of the recent attack on the Convent of St. Bernard. A few months since, a band of robbers, attracted by the hope of plunder, (for there is generally a considerable sum in the treasury of the brotherhood,) and trusting to their delinquency, made an attempt on the place at night; and finding the door locked and barred, commenced the pious garrison to surrender. The robbers endeavored to persuade the bandits from their enterprise by all the arguments which religion could suggest; and finding that their appeal was in vain, and that the robbers were about to break through the doors of the refectory, they let loose their dogs eighteen in number. If these noble creatures are mild and docile when dispatched on errands of good—when the robbers were about to break through the doors of the refectory, they let loose their dogs eighteen in number. If these noble creatures are mild and docile when dispatched on errands of good—when the robbers were about to break through the doors of the refectory, they let loose their dogs eighteen in number. If these noble creatures are mild and docile when dispatched on errands of good—when the robbers were about to break through the doors of the refectory, they let loose their dogs eighteen in number.

Pennsylvania on Fire.—Mr. Dougherty's Burning Mine on the Broad Mountain, the Pennsylvania Coal region, is a species of artificial volcano, and so extensive and devastating as to excite alarm. The neighbors are looking out for the lava, as a sort of crater has already been formed in the ravine, and the fate of the inhabitants of all is apprehended. What will become of these rich mountains of anthracite so precious and so hoarded by miners and stock and coal companies? Have the Harbinger's Levee been set fire to the State? Proposals are issued by Mr. Dougherty for extinguishing this terrible conflagration now a mile in length! Where are the Baltimore firemen and fire worshippers that would undertake this perilous job? None but our own misguided June Bugs "perhaps" would grapple with it.—*Troy Whig.*

A BALTIMOREAN FOUND.—Extract of a letter from a young friend of the Boston Transcript, attached to the Exploring Squadron.

San Juan, Patagonia, Monday, January 28, 1850.
Capt. H. sent us up to the Pilot's house, with orders to bring off some of the scientific corps that were ordered to be there. The tide running out at the rate of four or five miles an hour, would not permit our pulling up in a four oared boat, so we ran upon the beachward shore, which is quite bold, and landed here. My feet were on the shores of Patagonia! The land whose name and unknown deserts have been long peopled by Giants—whose southern extremity was for so many years surrounded by the early navigators with all manner of horrors. Upon landing, we were greeted by one of the fiercest hot winds from the sand hills around us.

Little did I expect to be scorched in this way in Patagonia. Upon one of the sand hills was a flag-staff; further up was the pilot's house. On gaining one of these bluffs, we saw nothing but a desert of sand-hills. When near the house, which was respectable, with tiled roof, a *Gatucher* came up at full gallop, with his red cap and his picturesque costume of shawl and white trousers, and bearded to the eyes. Ah, thought I, not exactly a Patagonian two feet between the eyes, but probably a perfect Arab in the way of robbing. "Buena dias Senor," said I, very civilly, as he came to a halt. "Good morning, sir," replied he to my utter astonishment. "I am your countryman, Don Juan, of Baltimore." "The devil you are!" was a natural exclamation, and we soon entered into conversation.

Wolf Scalps—A Shrewd Speculation.—By an old law of this State, a premium of \$34 is paid out of the State Treasury for every wolf scalp taken over a certain day, say six months. The *Hanover Gazette* relates an anecdote, under the premium caption of a "Tennessee Yankee," of a man in the 100th regt of that county, who, wishing to do "the State some service," caught a couple of old wolves, took them home, and in the course of years, has reared a brood of law offenders, which he executes, from time to time, as they reach the proper age, receiving for their scalps the premium in such cases made and provided.—*Nashville (Tenn.) Whig.*

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.—The late act of the British Parliament, reducing the postage in Great Britain, has turned public attention to the same subject in this country. The Northern papers are advocating a similar reform with much zeal. The N. Y. *Whig* thus speaks:

"For a penny the English merchant may now send a letter to any part of the kingdom—while in this country, we are taxed with a postage of 25 cents a single letter, to almost every one of the great cities of the States, where published letters of the State the postage should remain—and letter postage should be reduced at least one half. This would leave a revenue sufficient to pay the transportation of the mails under an economical administration of affairs. The salaries of postmasters should be curtailed in all the large cities; there is no reason why there should receive a large salary, and perquisites besides amounting to a princely income. All these things should be reformed in this reformation. There is need enough of economy in all the great departments of government, and it may as well begin here as elsewhere.

The heavy postage now imposed upon letters and newspapers, is a tax not only upon business, but upon knowledge. It shuts out light from the people. Let the system be overhauled, then, and a reform brought about at the very next session of Congress. The *Express* speaks in the right tone upon this important subject, and suggests a mode of proceeding, which we highly approve, as follows:

1st. "The circulation of a call for a public meeting, to be held on 'Change after 'Change hours—

(will not some public spirited merchant, and the matter up, which he will find spreading like wildfire every where?)

2d. "The circulation of petitions in the city, and the transmission of copies of them, with Resolutions, calling for a concert of action, to Portland, Boston, New Bedford, Hartford, New Haven, Albany, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Richmond, Charleston, Wilmington, Mobile, New Orleans, Natchez, Vicksburg, St. Louis, Nashville, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Detroit, Buffalo, &c.

But let this be done, and the point is carried. All the cities and towns will move. Reduction of Taxes is always a popular move. We want but one American Rowland Hill. Who shall be the man?"

The Vampire.—A great deal of curiosity was excited on Friday among the loungers in St. Katherine's docks by a report of the arrival of a real live vampire. So many terrible associations of blood and terror are connected with the popular ideas of this extraordinary animal, that when it was known that one had actually arrived, a most intense desire was manifested to obtain a peep at it, and accordingly the vessel was crowded during the day by hosts of curious visitors, until its removal to the Surrey Gardens, to which establishment it was consigned. It is the *Sumatran species*, and the first specimen ever seen in England. It is one of the most horrible aspect, and well deserves the name of *Vesperillo spectrum*, given to it by Linnaeus, remaining constantly suspended to the roof of his cage by the immense hooks at the edges of the wings, his head hanging downwards, and his eyes glistening with most vivid brightness. D'Azara, the celebrated naturalist, states that the Vampire will attack horses, mules, asses, horned cattle, and the great of fowls, who generally die in consequence, as a gangrene is engendered in the wounds. Even man himself is not secure from these insidious assaults, as D'Azara says he can bear very faithful testimony, having had the ends of his toes four times phlebotomized, gratis by this nocturnal surgeon, while sleeping in the cottage in the open country. The wound is not felt at the time of its infliction, as the blood is withdrawn by the most gentle suction, entirely from the capillary vessels of the skin, and not from any of the veins or arteries, and the victim is besides lulled into a deep slumber by the flapping of his destroyer's wings, who thus enjoys his banquet undisturbed.—*London Paper.*

Live Yankers.—The busy, bustling, industrious, and lively spirit which pervades the inhabitants of the New England States is well described in the following sketch. It is from the pen of a foreign traveler, and he certainly does justice to our enterprising population.

"In travelling over the kingdom of Naples and contemplating the wonders of that favored land, its fertile soil, its genial climate, its admirable facilities for commerce, and the contrast exhibited to all these advantages by the sloth and ignorance of its population, its beggars and brigands—I have been struck with the whimsical imagination of the scene which might ensue, were a plain Yankee taken from the plough-tail, and placed on the throne of the Two Sicilies. His majesty would begin a regular overhaul of the whole body politic, the morning after the coronation. 'What's this I see?' says the king. 'Where are your overseers of the highways—your school committees—your select men? What idle fellows are these? What are these boys ranging for every day? What means this crowd of ships lying behind the mole with nothing to do? or this *marina*, the water edge of my great city where I see no piles of merchandise, no trucks nor dray carts driving about with goods, nor half the business doing in a month that is done on Boston Long Wharf in two hours? Come, bustle, occupy; set the lazzaroni to work upon the roads; send the children to school; make a railroad here, and a turnpike there; bridge this river, and canal that; hang the Calabrian robbers; give the monks a rouse; go into the churches, and strip me these trumpery shrines; sell the gold and silver vessels with which they are heaped, and the interest of the money will support all the poor in the kingdom, for I'll have no beggars or idlers while my title is Jonathan the First. People shall mind their own business, for I shall abolish these *festas*, which come every other day, and are good for nothing but to promote idleness. Hereafter there shall be no *festas*, but fast, thanksgiving, and independence. Set me up a newspaper in every town; take me a census of the population; fine every district that don't send a representative to the general court. I'll have every thing thrashed and set a backing, even to the vernacular speech, for *dulce far niente* shall be rooted out from the Italian."

Now Jonathan the First might not understand quite so much of the antiquities of Pompeii, or the beauties of the Calypsoan Venice, as Ferdinand the Second; yet if the Neapolitans would not make a profitable swap by the exchange, mine is no true "Yankee notion."

THE TOURNAMENT.

A crowd assembled on Saturday last, to witness the last renewal of the feats of arms to be performed at Eglintown Castle next month. About as thousand persons were present, including many individuals of rank and fashion. Lady Seymour is to be "Queen of Beauty and Love" at the tournament. Of the titles, Captain Maynard and Mr. Gage exhibit most promise. In splendor of accoutrement, Lord Eglintown, Lord Craven, and Lord Cranston vie with each other. Two accidents occurred on Saturday:

Lord Glenlivet was unhorsed by the mere force of his own shock; and Lord Cassite lost his seat, after having run his course, by the sudden swerving of his horse, and perhaps from not having sufficiently calculated the unusual weight of the armor about the middle.

Few failed to strike the shield of the lay figure, and several dismounted the figure itself. A flourish of trumpets always signified this superior feat.

The tilting practice, during which the men were only partially in armor—only Lord Alfred and Lord Glenlivet, to the best of our recollection, having worn helmets—was succeeded by jousts between two knights at a time, armed *cap a pie*, in full plate. The first succession of courses was between the Earl of Eglintown, the lord of the manor, and Lord Alfred. The former was appraised in a gorgeous suit of burnished brass, with the coronet of his degree on his helmet; his plume and housings being of the colors of his livery, blue and white. The successful joust was with Lord Alfred, who planted his lance more at the shield of his adversary than he himself suffered.

The *Morning Post* imparts the gratifying information that modern horses are more pliant persons than those of yore.

So far from modern men having deteriorated in size, as compared with those of former ages, the gentlemen engaged in the present exercises have been obliged to have ancient armor enlarged before they could wear it. But not alone in bulk do

we find that we are fully equal to our forefathers; though the days were intensely hot, there was no symptom of fatigue or want of activity. The pace was good, and the men sat and managed their horses with as much ease as if they had been riding up to hounds with no heavier clothing than a bit of pink and a pair of cords. Indeed, we much question if many heroes of the days of chivalry would have been found to do what we saw Captain Maynard do—jump, without a run, over the breast-high fence that divided the lists, though encumbered with armor and a heavy curias.

AN APPALLING SITUATION.

In Cooper's *Naval History*, we find the following interesting description of a scene on shipboard, which illustrates in a striking manner, the effect of discipline in a man-of-war.

On the 10th of April, the New York, John Adams, and Enterprise, sailed, to touch at Malta, on their way to the enemy's port. While making this passage, just as the music had been beating to gun, a heavy explosion was heard near the cockpit of the flag ship, and the lower part of the vessel was immediately filled with smoke. It was an appalling moment, for every man on board was not aware that a quantity of powder, not far from the magazine, must have exploded, that fire was necessarily scattered in the passages, that the ship was in flames, and that, in all human probability, the magazine was in danger.

Captain Chauncey was passing the drummer when the explosion occurred, and he ordered him to beat to quarters. The alarm had not been given a minute, when the men were going steadily to their guns, and other stations, under a standing regulation, which directed this measure in the event of a cry of fire, as the most certain means of giving the officers entire command of the ship, and of preventing confusion. The influence of discipline was well exhibited on this trying occasion; for while there is nothing so fearful to the seamen as the alarm of fire, the people went to their quarters as regularly as in the moments of confidence. The sea being smooth, and the weather moderate, the Commodore himself now issued an order to hold out the boats.

The command, which had been given under the influence of the best feelings of the human heart, was most unfortunately timed. The people had no sooner left the guns to execute it, than the job-boom, bowsprit, sprit sailyard, knight-heads, and every spot forward was lined with men, under the idea of getting as far as possible from the magazine. Some even leaped overboard and swam for the nearest vessel.

The situation of the ship was now exceedingly critical. With a fire known to be kindled near the magazine, and a crew in a great measure disorganized, the chances of escape were much diminished. But Capt. Chauncey rallied a few followers, and reminding them that they might as well be blown up through one deck as three, he led the way below, into passages choked with smoke, where the danger was rapidly increasing. There, by means of wetted blankets, taken from the partner's store room, and water thrown by hand, he began to contend with the fire, in a spot where a spark scattered even by the efforts to extinguish the flames, might, in a single instant, have left nothing of all on board but their names.

Mr. David Porter, the first lieutenant, who meets us in many scenes of trial and danger, had ascended from the ward room, by means of a stern ladder, and he and the other officer sounded the noble efforts of their intrepid commander. The men were got in from the spar forward, water was abundantly supplied, and the ship was saved. This accident is supposed to have occurred in consequence of a candle having been taken from a lantern, while the gunner was searching some object in a store room that led from the cockpit. A quantity of marine cartridge and the powder horns used in priming the guns, and it is thought some mealed powder exploded. Two doors leading to the magazine passage were forced open, and nearly all the adjoining bulkheads were blown down. Nineteen officers and men were injured, of whom fourteen died. The scuttled at the magazine passage was driven quite through to the filling room.

Longevity.—A Jamaica paper, in announcing the death of Litta Cox, on Hybrook's plantation, states that this woman was considered for many years the oldest person on the island. She was, according to the journal a young woman at the period of the great earthquake of 1692, by which Port Royal was destroyed. Now supposing that she was then only fourteen years of age, she must have been aged upwards of 160 years at the time of her death. This statement appears almost incredible. We believe there are no well authenticated cases of greater longevity than from 120 to 130 years.

The same paper adds that about eighteen months ago a negro woman in the same neighborhood, died at the age of one hundred and forty years.

LOCO FOCO MATCHES.

We mentioned a day or two since an instance of the danger to be apprehended from careless exposure, and handling loco loco matches. Another came to our knowledge yesterday. A gentleman who used them for lighting cigars, put a box of them in his coat pocket, and in a short time seated himself on a chair. The attention of a bystander was almost immediately called to volumes of smoke rising above his head from the chair, and on examination it was discovered that the pocket and its contents were in a blaze, caused by the ignition of the matches.—*Baltimore Chronicle.*

Extraordinary Courage in a Lad.—A lad in Hatten, Pa., named George Peters, son of D. F. Peters, Esq., was furiously attacked the other day by his father's bull, and would inevitably have been killed but for his surprising presence of mind. Seeing no chance of escape, he dodged the assault of the furious animal, and leaped upon his back! The bull thereupon ran off in a canter, kicking and rearing fearfully; but the little fellow, no way disconcerted, clung to the animals back until a favorable opportunity offering, he jumped off and immediately leaped a fence hard by. This latter feat was witnessed by his mother, who was attracted to the spot by his cries. He is only 12 years old.—*York Democrat.*

The late English papers bring lamented accounts of famine in Ireland. It was stated in the House of Commons, that in one of the counties, particularly the distress was "frightful." Mr. O'Connell said that it was to be attributed to the failure of the potato crop. The government was contracted to furnish relief, to save thousands from perishing. It is truly a mournful fact that while a vast region lies uninhabited on our continent; an almost boundless extent of country, fertile beyond any in the world, and capable of giving food to millions on millions, the crowded population of Ireland is perishing of hunger. A writer in the last No. of *Blackwood's Magazine*, in reference to the suffer-

ings of this people, proposes that the British Navy instead of being employed in naval parades, to sea cruises, or important observations of insult on the British flag, should transfer the superfluous population to the British colonies, where they are so much needed, and where they might gain a liberal subsistence. The suggestion is a good one, but we would make it far more general. Let the immense sums of money which Great Britain is annually expending to feed national vanity or promote the schemes of national ambition, be expended in making her millions of subjects happy, and what a jubilee would reign! She would thus honor herself before the world. We would not deny that she has in some measure thus honored herself; but it is a contrast too powerful to endure in silence, which is presented by the tale of starvation on the one hand, and the register of enormous salaries, and the story of costly tournaments, and studied prodigality on the other.—*The N. American.*



THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN

SALISBURY:

Friday Morning, September 13, 1839.

MR. CLAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

"Mr. Clay has not, as far as we are aware, any exclusive hold whatever, upon the affections of the New England Whigs."—*Boston Atlas.*

This is the language of one of the leading Whig papers, and the organ of the Webster party in New England. Such expressions look equally for Mr. Clay, immediately after his late vehement entreaties to "union," while on his visit through New York to see the Falls of Niagara and the Lakes. His admissions have produced little effect in one way, if this is the humor of the New England Whigs. We may look for another disturbance in the camp soon. This kicking up of the Atlas will not be taken in good part by some of the team. It will be recognized what a confusion was produced something more than a year ago, by a similar expression of the Atlas, signifying the preference of the Webster party for Harrison. It occasioned much excitement and alarm amongst the Clay papers in New York; they rebuked the Atlas severely for its imprudence, and by dint of coaxing and pulling succeeded at last in getting it back into the traces. But it seems there is no keeping it there:—late events have emboldened it to speak out again. Well, we have nothing to do with the matter ourselves, and will wait with all imaginable patience and pleasure to see the result,—but from these, and other indications recently, we will not be surprised that the party should drop Clay, and take up Harrison, running Webster for Vice President as he has been nominated.

"PRINCIPLES—NOT—MEN."

In the early days of our Government, one of the favorite mottoes of the old Republican party was "Principles not men." But in these latter times, it would seem that the motto has been reversed, and is now written, men not principles.

With many, it matters not what a man's principles may be, or whether indeed, he has any at all, so that he is a good, thorough-going partisan in favor of this, or that man for President;—just as if the people had nothing under the sun to do, but make Presidents; or as if the Presidency was the first and greatest question of political importance in the country.

This is a bad state of things, and when it exists, we must expect to see elections turn altogether on partialities for men, while principles are entirely disregarded. We have had an illustration of this lately, here, before us. It was precisely because Charles Fisher refused to throw aside his principles, and listen himself to the car of Henry Clay, that the Federalists made such extraordinary exertions to defeat his election, and that they have failed, in not owing to any lack of efforts on their part, but to the predominance of Republican principles in this District. Let them attempt to disguise it as they may, by the name of *Wag* or what they please, it is clear, beyond dispute, that the old leaven of federalism is at the bottom of it all. Another thing is also clear, and we regard it as one of the best signs of the times, that in various parts of the country, the old dividing lines between the Federal and Republican parties are re-established, and men are taking their places or each side according to principle. The Republicans are rallying back under their old banner of *reform, equal rights, and low taxes*; while the Federalists are falling into rank under the glittering standard of a 50 million bank and splendid national improvements.

The present is a momentous period in our Government—the time has now come when assumed names and deceptive titles must give place to the real distinction of parties,—all the slang names and catch phrases will be thrown to the winds. Whig, Democrat, Loco-foco, and Hoco-foco, must all vanish, like the baselins fabric of a vision;—while two banners alone will be seen flung over the field of political contest. On one of them will be inscribed REPUBLICAN and on the other FEDERAL.

DEPUTY MARSHALL.—One of the writers of editorial in the last Watchman after exhausting all his powers of assertion in a long-winded and pointless article to prove the Editors of this paper no Whigs, closes his essay with what he probably considered an argument, perfectly conclusive and unanswerable.—He says: "One of you has already applied for Office under the Administration, to wit; Deputy Marshall of N. Carolina." This was a piece of information entirely new to the Junior Editor, our associate being absent at the time, we were perfectly at a loss to comprehend it; soon afterwards however, on enquiring, it was explained to us in a note, which we now publish below as it was received. From this it will be seen how the Federalists are forced like "drowning men to catch at straws."

"In answer to your enquiry, I will give you a short statement.—Sometime during last Spring, as well as I recollect, it was before the candidates for Congress were declared, a verbal of us was in Doct. Austin's room conversing on various subjects, among other things, the taking of the next census was spoken of.—Some one proposed to Austin, that it would suit him to take the census of Rowan County, and suggested that he should make application for the appointment. He at first declined, but at length agreed that I might write to the Marshall at Raleigh.—on returning home, I set down and wrote a few lines to Genl. Daniel, recommending him for the place.—I have never heard of the matter since, and hardly ever thought of it,—and I assure you the whole was a very small affair, but "hullo" and are pleased with little things."—To make the idea suggested still more ridiculous, it is said that Gen.

Daniel, the Marshall, is one of the bitterest opponents of the Administration in the State, —to be a Federal Whig therefore, it politics had any weight, would be a much stronger recommendation, than to be an independent Republican as Doct. Austin is."

THE GREAT REGULATOR.

We see it stated, that the post notes of the U. S. Bank of Pennsylvania, were sold in New York City, recently, bearing the enormous rate of 18 per cent. per annum interest! The N. Y. *Gazette*, a Whig paper, contains the following among other remarks of the same kind: "We have, within a day or two, received numerous communications from judicious men—men of solidly in society, and who are disposed to look at every thing dispassionately—advised us in very strong and as we believe, very just terms upon the conduct of the banking institutions of this city, and with especial severity upon the recent conduct of the Pennsylvania institution, styling itself the Bank of the U. States."

So much for the aid and relief afforded by the establishment of a Branch of the United States Bank of Pennsylvania in New York, a thing so earnestly solicited by some of the merchants of that City.—The present state of affairs is a warning commentary on the conduct of the bank party.—A short twelve months since, and no power on earth, we were told, could avail to save the country, but the omnipotent aid of Mr. Biddle and his bank. Supplications were addressed to him from the North and from the South for relief,—and what has been the result?

They brought him in New Orleans to aid them. In answer to this appeal, the Bank went into the cotton market in the South-west, entirely monopolizing the restricted issues of the local banks by its immense resources and transactions, increased the premium on the money market, and depreciated the currency in dealings.—The cotton obtained in this way was sold to Europe, held back for a time, and finally after a glutted market; the consequence was a depression, causing disasterously upon the already existing embarrassments of the whole Country, and especially of the South.—This was the aid afforded to the South.

Something more than a year ago, a Committee of merchants proceeded from New York to Philadelphia, and prayed Mr. Biddle to grant them relief by establishing a branch of his bank in their City. After a time the Branch was established, and now that it is fairly in operation, we find in the New York papers that were formerly the strongest in its favor—bank papers—such open and severe denunciations of its course, as we extract above.—It is complained, that while the bank has in its vaults an amount equal to more than \$2,000,000 in deposits and specie, its circulation is only \$100,000,000—and its loans and discounts are comparatively those of any other in the State, not only this, but the bank has made an issue of notes, a most depreciated currency, and is convicted of selling exchange on England, to obtain the notes of the New York banks, which means it draws the specie from their vaults.—In consequence of this kind of transaction, the New York Banks are cramped in their dealings, and compelled to limit their discounts, greatly to the embarrassment of the mercantile community.

These are facts that certainly ought to have some weight with reflecting men.—Here we see a clear proof, that the remedy proposed by the political quacks of the country, to heal the disorders of the currency, by the aid of Mr. Biddle's United States Bank has not only failed to effect a cure, but has greatly aggravated the disease, and is now denounced, and execrated by the very men who were foremost in recommending it.

If an institution of moderate capital could effect a great injury by its power, as Mr. Biddle's United States Bank has done, what would an immense monopoly of \$50,000 capital effect?

"Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as long as grains of wheat in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search."—*Merchant of Venice.*

We find in the editorial of the last Watchman article, under the heading of "Republican," that "unmeaning verbosity, exceeds any thing we have met with lately. We briefly presented a short time since, our views of the present state of parties, and pointed out the deception that is now attempted to be played off on the people, by the Federal party, under the general name of *Whigs*. This prophetic utter in the Watchman declares that he will not "concede," to dispute the imputation of being a "Federal Whig," as the term is applied in our remarks, which, with a decency characteristic of the party, he very courteously denounces as "a trade of slang and jargon." It would have been well for his credit had he stuck to this lofty resolve, and not descended to "concede;" but for the space of one column following, we find him endeavoring with might and main, to disprove this same imputation. Not a point of the facts of our defined distinction of parties is denied, but he goes on with such a vehement display of unmeaning assertion, and what he would call slang, as "makes sound opinion sick," to hear it.

We had intended to make some comments in answer to a part of it—but have received a Communication which so fully occupies the ground, and explains, as we understand it, the origin and nature of the connection heretofore existing for a time, between the Republics and Federal divisions of the Whig party, that we consider it unnecessary to say any thing ourselves on that point, but refer the reader to the communication signed "A Republican."

FAIR.

The Ladies of the Episcopal Church of this place, will hold a *Fair* on Tuesday evening of next week (Superior Court) at the house of Mr. Horace H. Beak.

TEXAS.

Advices from Galveston to the 23d August have been received at N. Orleans. The Houston Telegraph states that the Mexican Federalists have deputed Don Francisco Viedma, Governor of Coahuila, to make overtures of alliance between Texas and the States of New Leon, Tamaulipas, Chihuahua, New Mexico, Durango, and the Californias, and separate from the rest of the Mexican States. In case this overture is not accepted, these States have determined to declare and maintain their independence themselves.

This step is deemed by the New Orleans papers as highly suspicious to Texas.—*Globe.*

At the sale of lots in the new city of Austin, Texas, some were sold as high as \$2,700—the average was \$1,500.

RHODE ISLAND.

Messrs. Cranston and Tillinghast, (Whigs) have been elected to Congress in this State.

Gov. Clarke of Kentucky, lately died at Frankfort.—*Express.*

In reference to apprehended difficulties between the two parties of emigrating Indians in Arkansas, the Little Rock Times says:

"It may be all for the best," as Hannah More would say, but we don't see what Arkansas has done that that the National Government should

...about upon thousands of men upon the western border, and then leave her without a mail communication with the rest of the States, and but a shadow of protection on her frontier, while multitudes of widows are tiding away their time at Trenton, New Jersey.

[FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.]

Messrs. Editors: I see that some "federal whig" in the last WATCHMAN who signs himself Q. undertakes to lecture you, and to rebuke your correspondent "John Anderson," at a round rate. He is also highly offended at my quizzical friend Ben Stuart; and by way of showing his learning says—"the pretended letter of Mr. Swain, must be a forgery." Just think of it! accuse the Hon. Ben Stuart of committing forgery!! But Mr. Q. also complains of the "attack on Mr. Swain's private character!!" Judge! Without doubt this same Q. is one of the caustics, whose money paid Ben Stuart to print the dirty sheet, and who helped to circulate it, week after week filled with the most barefaced falsehoods that ever disgraced type and paper. This however in the estimation of Q. was all decent, proper, and pious, as it was against the Republican Candidate; but when "Ben Stuart" undertakes to throw off a joke on this same "Ben Stuart," then it is attacking the private character of "Mr. Swain," and becomes a horrid "outrage." This is federal justice, and federal charity for you.

But in addition to "Mr. Swain," this Mr. Q. brings on the tape, two other noted persons, and that is our ancient friend Mr. Lewis Williams, and "Ben Stuart's" Co. adjutor, whom Q. styles "one of the most harmless, exemplary, and well beloved clergymen of the Presbyterian church in Rowan County!" Here is a string of titles, and good qualities for you! nearly as many as were bestowed on the famous HONORABLE RUFUS BASHAW with nine wives, and three tails; but after all, the list is not complete; after the words "Rowan County," ought to have been added—"in North Carolina one of the United States of North America." Then all the world from Pennsylvania to Colorado would know where to find this—"one of the most pious exemplary and well beloved clergymen of the Presbyterian Church in Rowan County," that is, in case they felt disposed to make a pilgrimage to his Mecca to receive lectures on politics, and emancipation.

But, why is it, that Mr. Q. drags in the Presbyterian church of Rowan county? I suppose this subtle caustic thinks, he can excite the fears and prejudices of the Presbyterians, and make them believe that Ben Stuart, is about to overthrow the whole church by cracking off one of his jokes on the "most harmless, and well beloved." The article is too shallow to succeed. I hope the Presbyterian Church stands on too firm a foundation, to be demolished by one of Ben's jokes, or even by the political person himself.

But, mark the long face cast of the last sentence "Age, and Religion at least, should be sacred from such assaults!" First, where has any assault been made on age? Why, "John Anderson," calls Lewis Williams old Mr. Williams, and this is the assault on age! Well is Mr. Williams not old? He was a member of Congress, before the writer of this began to shave, and now his beard is turning gray. At one of the Precincts in Surry, a smart lad came out, "my grand-daddy voted for Mr. Williams before my daddy was born." It is true, that Mr. Williams is yet in "a state of single blessedness," but at the same time is called—"the father of Congress," and, surely, any man who is old enough to be called the father of three hundred such strapping fellows as go to Congress, can't be very young.

Again! when has any assault been made on Religion? Is it an assault on religion, that Ben Stuart recommends "the well beloved" to officiate at BEN SWAIN'S obsequies? Who is better qualified to do justice to BEN'S memory, than the man who delighted in the beauties of the "dirty sheet," and manifested a pious zeal in treating his neighbors with them. But, suppose BEN'S joke is a hit at the "well beloved," does that make it a slur on religion? Is the personification of religion? If so, tell it not in Gath! preach it not in Ashdod!

Why, I tell you Mr. Q. there are some persons in the world, who have no more religion than other folks, and moreover, if you think because a man is a person that he may with impunity slander other people's characters, you mistake the spirit of the times. The ecclesiastical yoke, is not yet strong enough for this, the press is yet too free for this, Republicanism is yet triumphant.

But, again let us mark the inconsistency of this silly writer Q. Some weeks before the election, the dirty sheet was filled with all kinds of slander against C. Fisher, couched in scripture language, all this was received, read and admired as wit by Q. and his Caucus brethren, and it never entered their heads that this was an assault on religion, but, when Ben Stuart, throws a jeer at a political person, who it is said, sacrilege, and an assault on religion! Fudge!

On the whole, the piece signed Q., is truly a silly affair, and I say, if the writer's ears were a little longer, Henry Clay of Kentucky would not soon again be under the necessity of making another importation from the Island of Malta.

A FREEMAN.

P. S. As Mr. Q. thinks this is a very weighty matter, I hope now light will soon be thrown on it, by the publication of a correspondence which I understand has taken place between "the most beloved," and "the Hon. Ben Stuart."—If it don't instruct, it certainly will amuse.

[FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.]

GLORY TO KING CAUCUS.

Messrs. Editors: On the first week of our Superior Court, the friends of the Administration submitted a meeting, to be held at the Court-house on Tuesday of next week, being that of the second week of Court. On the day appointed, and just at the appointed time, to our surprise, we heard it announced from the door of the Court-house, that "all those opposed to the present Administration, were requested to attend immediately to that place." All seemed walked up: A Wide meeting was organized, and a short address delivered by one of their strong horses. After stating the object of the meeting, he went on to represent the condition of the country as most deplorable. That with the extravagance of the Executive, derangement in the currency, and the general reduction in the prices of all our articles of produce, we were going headlong to destruction as fast as time could carry us. He then presented a string of resolutions, which were to be adopted as a basis for every wound. And what do you suppose was their support? Was it to suggest or approve any means of relief? Or to nominate some distinguished leader, whom they could confide in, as a candidate for the next Presidency? Or to respond to the call of the next President, in bringing forward W. J. Alexander, as the most suitable person

to fill the gubernatorial chair the coming term. None of all these things; but nothing more and less than to send Delegates to a Harrisburg Convention in Pennsylvania, to nominate a candidate for the Presidency, and some more to a Raleigh Convention, to nominate some-body as a suitable person for Governor."

They did not so much as dare to express a wish for themselves; but gave it up to King Caucus. And these are the same men who but a little while ago, would get so uproarious at the bare mention of a Convention.

MECKLENBURG.

Mecklenburg Co.

[FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.]

Messrs. Editors: In your last paper, I see that my learned friend "the Hon. Ben Stuart," has submitted a question to the Mecklenburg Debating Society. Supporting by this time that they have disposed of the question, I beg leave to submit another to the same tribunal. It is this. There once lived in one of the Counties of North Carolina, two peace officers, one was the High Sheriff, and the other a Constable of said county. Both broke the peace and violated the law by committing the same offences. When they were brought before the court, it was directed that the High Sheriff should be fined ten dollars, and the poor Constable thirty-five dollars. Query. By what law human, or divine, was the discrimination made? Or, was it by politics? If the Society cannot decide, I hope the chairman of some Court, will let us know his opinion.

No Composition Please.

[FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.]

Messrs. Editors: The writer of the article in the last WATCHMAN under the head "REPUBLICAN," in alluding to the course of the Carolinian, has the impudence to say—"take your republicanism and be off." What does this presumptuous Federalist mean? Does he mean that the Republicans must quit the Federal Whig? If that be his meaning he misconceives the true position of the two parties. We the Republicans never went to them; they the Federalists came to us, and it is now very presumptuous in them to put up their mouths, and accuse us of leaving them, when in truth they are leaving us. Let us see for a moment how we happened to get together. We should keep in mind that the most of the leaders of the Federal Whig party were Adams men; that they were bitterly opposed to the election of Jackson, and abused him most unmercifully before his election; after his election they still continued to abuse him up to the hour of the PROCLAMATION. When the proclamation came out, the supporters of Jackson at once split, the most of them stuck to him and to the proclamation; but some turned away from him, and denounced both him and his proclamation; these stood together under the name of State Rights Republicans. In the meantime what did the Adams Federalists do? Why the moment Jackson came out with his federal doctrine in the proclamation, they all jumped up, and cracked their heels together for joy; they dropped all opposition to him, and became his warmest friends. Many of them openly declared that the proclamation made atonement for all his past sins, and the most of them became ranting, roaring, Jackson men. While this union existed between the Jackson men and the Federalists, the State Rights men being but few in number, stood together, and battled hard against their new allies.

This holy alliance was unmeasured in their abuse against the State Rights Republicans; denouncing them as traitors, worthy of the gallows. In this manner the unequal contest went on, until Jackson, commenced his assaults upon the United States Bank. No sooner, did he strike at their adorable Bank, than all his new Federal allies, turned their backs on him and began to abuse him as much as they had done before their late conversion. To show their zeal, they marched in under the lead of the State Rights men, and commenced fighting in our ranks. In this way it was, that the Federalists, and the Republicans first got together. The Federalists continued to fight against Jackson aided by side with the Republicans until no great while ago; or until the subject of the next President began to be talked off. No sooner is this subject mentioned, than off starts every Federalist, and raises the shout for Mr. Clay, and because the Republicans do not choose to shout for Mr. Clay too, why they have the impudence to accuse us of leaving the Whigs. There is but one qualification to make Whigs in North Carolina, according to the Federal scheme, and that is, to go for Mr. Clay. Here, among these exclusives, no matter what may be your principles, if you don't shout for Mr. Clay, you are no Whig, but a *Leuco-foco*, or an *Agrarian* or some other out-landish name. Now let me tell these intolerant, Federal whigs, that they are driving off more men from Mr. Clay, than all other causes put together. They are disgusting, by their outrageous violence, and folly, thousands of moderate men, who begin to suspect that many of these Federal Whigs are not what they crack themselves up to be, and that they care less for the people than they do for the leaves and fishes.

It is well known to all who observe any thing, that neither CLAY nor VAN BUREN are favorites with the State rights party,—but the difference between the Clay men, and the Van Buren men is this: the Van Buren men let us pursue our course without constantly heaping abuse on us, while the Clay Federalists seem at a loss for language sufficiently degrading, to express their feelings. One of these brazen aristocrats in Randolph County, even went so far as to declare that none but fools voted for Charles Fisher, the Republican Candidate; another of them, said that all the intelligence in the District voted for his Federal opponent. This is the sort of language, and these are the kind of feelings that these exclusive Clay men hold out towards all who dare to differ with them. They wish to force men to go for Henry Clay, whether they will or not,—and there are no doubt, some of them, who would willingly if they could, disfranchise all who dare to vote contrary to themselves.

But, there is one consolation—these men have not yet got the power in their hands.—Thank God, we live in a free Country yet, and every man has a right to vote as he pleases, though it may be against Mr. Clay. But why is it, that every man must be intimidated who does not come out for Mr. Clay. How is it that Mr. Clay is so much better than all mankind besides?—What has he ever done for us, that we must all fall down and worship him, and if we fail to do so, must be cast into the fiery furnace of Federal abuse!

For one, I tell these Federal intolerants, that I am a free man, and am not to be forced to vote for Mr. Clay, or any body else.

A REPUBLICAN.

Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, died at Chiltonham on the 23d of July. He stood 6th on the Navy list.

The Harvest.—The Harvest, wherever it has taken place, has proven abundant, far beyond that of last years.

In western N. York, it is said to exceed all precedent. In the Scioto valley, Ohio, more wheat has been gathered than for any year for twenty years past. In Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, the farmers have reason to be truly thankful for the abundance which the earth has yielded them for their labors.

In short, every where, north and south, and east and west, the harvest time has proven a blessing, and a source of joy.—Edg. Adv.

Mourning.—The Geneva Courier, says the whole of the Western farming districts are groaning with abundance.—It.

From the Globe.

TREASURY NOTES.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Sept. 2, 1839.	
Amount issued under the provision of the act of October 13, 1837, viz:	\$10,000,000 00
Of that issue there has been redeemed	9,670,930 95
Leaving outstanding in full of those redeemed there has been issued under act of 21st May, 1838	\$329,069 05
Of that issue there has been redeemed	\$5,700,810 01
Leaving of that issue outstanding	\$1,177,257 41
Aggregate of first and second issues outstanding	\$51,561 05
The issue under the provisions of the act of the 21st of March, 1836, amount to	\$3,857,276 21
Of that issue, there has been redeemed	108,000
Making the aggregate of all outstanding	\$3,659,276 21
LEVI WOODBURY, Secretary of the Treasury.	

Perhaps they had better do it now.—In old times, when editors were short of matter for their papers, they used to fill them up with a chapter or two from the Bible.—Northern Paper.

Bigotry murders religion, to frighten fools with her ghost.—Colton.

UNITED IN WEDLOCK.

In this County, on Wednesday last, at the residence of John T. Bowles, Esq. by the Rev. Thos. McDonald, the Rev. THOMAS W. CAMPBELL, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to Miss ELIZABETH ALLEN.

In this County, on the 6th instant, by John Fraley, Esq. Mr. ALEXANDER MOWRY to Miss MARGARET HOFNER.

At Lagrange, Randolph County, N. C. on the 14th instant, by the Rev. Alfred Norman, Mr. JOHN S. BLAIR to Miss ELIZA JOHNSON.

DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

In this Town, on the 5th instant, Mr. CHARLES DUNN, in the 50th year of his age. Very suddenly, at the house of Mr. Peter Mowry, about 8 miles from this Town, on his way home, Mr. JOSEPH ALLISON, of Fredell County. He left this place on Wednesday last, in the early part of the day, rode as far as Mr. Mowry's, where he was taken (as was supposed) with a fit of some kind, and in the course of the evening died. He has left several brothers and sisters to deplore his loss.

In Cabarrus County, on the 7th instant, of bilious congestive fever, after a short, but severe illness, Dr. C. S. HUNTER. He had just commenced his professional career; his studious and persevering habits, with a high moral character, affording to his many friends the promise of future usefulness and distinction in life, when their anticipations were darkened and his hopes turned to sorrow and mourning by his early and sudden death.—May his rest be peaceful.—(Comm.) In Mobile, Ala., on the 23d ult., Mr. GOLD HURLBUTT, aged 39 years, formerly of Fayetteville, N. Carolina.

Stop the Horse Thief.



WAS stolen from the Subscriber's plantation, in Davidson County, on Wednesday night, the 4th instant, a deep red sorrel HORSE, ten or eleven years old last Spring, about fifteen hands high, rather short body, in common work order, with a white spot or star in his forehead, remarkably good eyes, a small white spot near the top of each of his shoulder blades, and a lump or wen larger than a hen's egg near the top of his left shoulder, both the spots and lump were caused by a collar. He is a very rough trotter, and when rode fast his wind appears to be affected, as may be observed by his wheezing. It is believed that he was stolen by a runaway Negro, and that he is making his way in the direction of Fayetteville. Any person or persons who will apprehend the thief, so that he may be brought to justice, and secure my reward, so that I get him again, shall be reasonably rewarded.

WM. CHAMBERS. Salisbury, N. C., Sept. 13, 1839. 3t

Notice.

BY Virtue of a Deed of Trust to me, executed by William Adderton, for purposes therein mentioned, I shall proceed to sell at Public Sale, on Thursday the 25th instant, at or near the store of Newsome and Speece, in the County of Davidson, (heretofore called Adderton's old Store,) viz:

FIVE LIKELY NEGROES.

consisting of two young WOMEN, one of them having a CHILD with her, a MAN and his WIFE.

Also, Two head of HORSES, Stock of CATTLE, AND EGGS.

One SIDEBOARD, and CLOCK, one WHEAT FAN, a Crop of CORN, WHEAT, TOBACCO, &c. Terms of Sale, will be such for the Negroes; as to the other property, the terms will be made known on the day of Sale. TRAM, DANIEL, Trustee. September 13, 1839. 1t

MILITARY.

FOR Sale, a full suit of uniform, with Cheapeau, Plume, Gloves and Perce, Holster, Hosiery, Socks, Belt and Sash. Enquire at this Office. Salisbury, Sept. 13, 1839. 3t

Wanted

1 or 200 Head of Sheep, for which fair prices will be given. Enquire at the "Rowan Horn." Salisbury, Sept. 8, 1839. 1t



To Travellers.

BE travelling community are respectfully informed that the Salisbury is now running his line direct from Raleigh by way of Patsboro' and Ashboro' to Salisbury, in small Northern made Coaches of the first order; leaving Raleigh on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 A. M. arriving in Salisbury next days at 10 P. M. Leaving Salisbury on Tuesdays and Fridays at 2 A. M. arriving in Raleigh next days at 10 P. M. His horses are good, and drivers particularly careful and accommodating. JOEL McLEAN. Feb. 12, 1839. N. B. Seats secured at the Mansion Hotel.

THE SUBSCRIBERS.

WOULD learn the public, that they still carry on the Tanning Business, and in connection with it, the BOOT and SHOE MAKING at their Tan Yard, on the 2nd Square, East of the Court-House; where they have on hand a quantity of excellent Sole Leather and Shirting, Harness, Bridle, and Upper Leather, Covering Leather for Coach-makers, and Horse Collars.—Also a large supply of BOOTS, of first and second quality Gentlemen's, Ladies', and Children's SHOES, of a superior quality; and a large stock of coarse Shoes, of a superior quality.

As we have produced first rate workmen, we have no hesitation in warranting our work to be as well done as any in the State, which we will sell low for Cash, or on time to punctual dealers.

Orders from a distance punctually attended to.

Also, a first rate pair of Boot Trees, and a set of second handed Laths for sale.

BROWN & CHAMBERS.

N. B. Hides will be taken in exchange for work done in the above business. B. & C. Salisbury, Sept. 6, 1839. 1t

Strayed

FROM the Subscriber about the last of April, past, a bright sorrel Indian Pony MARE, very small, about 10 or 12 years old, no natural flesh marks recollected, mane has been trimmed and is grown long, switch tail, paces remarkably well. A liberal reward will be given by me for said pony delivered, or for information so that I can get her. WILLIAM HADEN. Mocksville, Davie Co., N. C., Sept. 6, 1839. 4t

DR. LEANDER KILLIAN,

RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the citizens of Salisbury, and the surrounding country. His office is in Mr. West's new brick-building, nearly opposite to W. Murphy's store. Salisbury, N. C., August 30, 1839. 1t

Elliptic Springs, &c.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

20 prs. Elliptic Springs, with 3, 4, 5 and 6 leaves.

150 lbs. Malleable Irons,

4 hds. Sugar,

20 sacks Salt.

ALSO, IN STORE.

30 hds. Molasses,

20 bags Coffee,

2000 lbs. Cotton Yarn,

75 kgs White Lead,

35 kgs Nails,

12 Blacksmith's Bellows,

10 do. Anvils,

20 do. Vices.

By J. & W. MURPHY.

Salisbury, May 31, 1839.

DR. G. B. DOUGLAS.

HAVING located himself in Salisbury, respectfully tenders his professional services to its citizens, and those of the surrounding country. His office is at the room formerly occupied by Dr. K. M. Bouchelle, where he may be found at all times except when absent on professional duties. Salisbury, May 2, 1839. 1t

LATH,

GRANDSIED BY THE AMERICAN

BOLIPSE,

The Champion of America.—

WINNER OF THE GREAT MATCH RACE.

The North against the South,

\$20,000 ASIDE.

THE thorough-bred horse, LATH, bred by Col. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, will stand the Fall season at Morganton, Burke County, N. C., commencing on the 20th instant, and ending on the 25th of November.

For further particulars, see hand-bills.

Salisbury, N. C., Aug. 23, 1839. 1t

R. W. LONG.

Lost.

ON the 22nd instant, was cut from the Subscriber's carriage, in the neighborhood of Salisbury, on the main road leading to Concord and Charlotte, a small hair trunk containing sundry articles of clothing, and a POCKET BOOK, in which was the following papers: A number of others not recollected accurately. All persons are forwarded trading for any of said papers—I will give a liberal reward for their recovery, or information so that I may get them.

One Court order from K. P. Harris, on John Rogers, County Trustee of Cabarrus County, for \$500.

One Note on Ebenezer H. Rogers for \$125; also, one on the same for the sum of \$200, with a credit endorsed for about \$150.

One Note on James Cochran for \$70.

One on James H. Cochran for the sum of \$40.

One on Walter F. Farg for about \$30, with a credit.

One on J. W. Menzies for \$10.

One on Sam'l C. Hazen for \$10, together with sundry others of smaller amount, with 2 bills of sale, executed to me by Capt. John Russell for two negroes.

One judgment of \$90, and several of a smaller amount, on Charles Townsend; besides others not definitely recollected.

Wm. F. NICHOLSON.

Concord, Cabarrus Co., N. C., Aug. 30, 1839.

Moffat's Pills and Bitters.

THE LIFE GIVING PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS, so celebrated, and so much used by the afflicted in every part of the country, is now re-

ceived and for sale by the Subscribers.

CRENS & BOGER, Agents.

Messrs. SPRINGS & SHANLEY, in Concord, N. C. are also Agents for the same.

P. S. See advertisement.—April 4, '39. 1t

Salisbury Male Academy.



THE Exercises of this Institution will be resumed on Monday, the 23rd of September, (after the usual vacation,) under the superintendence of the Rev. John D. Schick and Mr. John S. Johnson, on whose part no efforts will be wanting to make their institution an elevated school of intellectual discipline, sound learning, and moral culture. It is their intention to enlarge the building, or present occupied by Mr. Johnson, for the accommodation of from 25 to 30 young ladies. A Young ladies can enter the Academy at any time, but for the better organization of the studies, and the advancement of the pupils, it is desirable that they be present at the opening of the school. A few pupils from rural and remote localities, will be accommodated with board in the family of the Rev. Mr. Schick. Salisbury, N. C., Sept. 8, 1839. 1t

New Foundry.

I HAVE lately completed and put in operation a new Foundry at my mill on the South-York river (County, Pennsylvania) in Luzerne County, where we are prepared to make all kinds of castings, such as the running works of cotton or woolen factories, cotton gins, and saw mills, thrashing machines, with all kinds of plows, blades, and every thing that is usually made at iron foundries. We are also prepared for turning shafts, and cast for grinding and fitting up all kinds of machinery in this line of business. I have employed Jacob WATKINS, formerly of Baltimore, a very skilful Mechanic, in superintending and managing my establishment. Mr. Watkinson has worked all his life in establishments of this kind, and is distinguished for his skill as Mechanic, and Millwright. He will also make calculations for engines, wheels, mill-gearing, &c.; and when the machinery is obtained from us, he will attend to putting it up. Our prices are those of similar establishments at the North. Orders addressed either to Jacob Watkinson, or myself, at Salisbury, will be promptly answered. CHARLES FINNEY. Salisbury, May 24, 1839. 1t

PAINTING.

THE Subscriber having located himself in the Town of Concord, would now offer his services to the Public, as an Ornamental and House Painter. He flatters himself that his long experience in the above Business, and the specimens of work he has executed in his line, will be a sufficient recommendation. He will also attend to any call made on him in the HOUSE PAINTING BUSINESS, and is confident he can give satisfaction to all who may employ him. The Public is respectfully requested to call and encourage him, as he is determined to execute all work committed to him in the best possible manner. Also, Painting and Trimming all kinds of Carriages, done with neatness and dispatch. J. W. HAINES. Concord, N. C., March 21, 1839. 1t

Notice.

TAKEN up and committed to the Jail of Rowan County, on the 10th instant, a negro man who calls himself TOM, about 30 years of age. He says the right of his left eye is blind, and that he belongs to George Cooper, of Fairfield District, S. C. The negro is requested to come forward, give property, pay charges, and take him away, or he will be sent with to the State Jail. JOHN H. HARDIE, Jailer. Salisbury, June 21, 1839. 1t

Summer Goods.

SPRINGS & SHANLEY

HAVE just received from New York and Philadelphia, an extensive assortment of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS

consisting of—

Dry Goods, Hardware, Tinware, Cro-

ckery, GROCERIES, Drugs and Cos-

metics, Dry-Goods, Paints and

Oil, Boots and Shoes,

Barbary, &c., &c.

In short, their Stock comprises almost every article needed by the Farmer, Merchant, or the Fashionable of the town or country.

N. B. They will sell low for cash, or to punctual dealers on time; or in exchange for country Produce. Concord, May 24th, 1839. 1t

A CLERK WANTED.

A YOUNG man who writes a good hand, and is capable of taking charge of a set of Books by Double Entry, will be able to obtain a situation with the Subscriber, at a moderate salary, provided he can come well recommended, and application be made before the 15th September next. D. MALLOY. Concord, Sept. 6, 1839. 1t

BOLTING CLOTHS.

TEEN SUBSCRIBERS

HAVE on hand, and intend keeping a supply of the best Anchor Stamp Bolting Cloths,

comprising all the various Nos. used in this region of country.—Where all who wish the article can be supplied in quantities to suit purchasers, and on reasonable terms.

—ALSO—

Wove Wire for Screens, Sifters, &c., kept constantly on hand.

HALL & JOHNSON.

FOOT OF HAYWOOD. 1t

Fayetteville, May 17, 1839.

Negroes Wanted.

FAIR cash price will be given for Negroes. Apply at Col. R. W. Long's Hotel, Salisbury, N. C. May 17, 1839.

